The Qu'Appelle Progress.

Vol. VII. QU'APPELLE, N.W.T., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1891. No. 3.

WINNIPEG.

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Direct Line and Cheap Rates To St. Paul, Chicago, and all Southern points.

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BITTERS

The Qu'Appelle Progress,

Is Published every Thursday

At THE PROGRESS Printing Office: in the Town of Qu'Appelle, Assiniboia, Canada.

The rates for our advertising space by contract are as follows:

	One week.	One month.	Three months.	One year.
One column	$6 00	$ 8 00	$15 00	$60 00
Half column	4 00	6 00	12 00	40 00
Quarter column	3 00	5 00	8 00	30 00
Three inches	2 00	4 00	7 50	25 00
Two inches	1 50	3 00	5 50	20 00

Business cards $1 00 per month payable quarterly

The above rates do not apply to auction sales, entertainments, tenders, meetings, legal notices, or anything of a transitory nature. Transient advertisements, 10 cents per line first insertion, 5 cents per line each additional insertion. Yearly advertisements allowed to be changed monthly, if oftener $1 00 will be charged for each additional change.

Business locals, 50 cents for first twenty-five words, 2 cents for each additional word.

The publisher reserves the right to refuse to insert advertisements of a questionable or objectionable character.

Subscription price; $1.00 per annum, invariably in advance; single copies 5 cents.

A liberal commission will be allowed to parties who are willing to act as agents for us. Write for terms.

Address, G. S. DAVIDSON & CO., Qu'Appelle, Assa.

THURSDAY, NOV. 5th, 1891.

ELECTION NOTES.

We are pleased to see that the people of Moosomin appreciated the efforts of Mr. J. R. Neff in the late assembly and have returned him by acclamation. Mr. Neff is a man of sound judgement and not afraid to express his views on any question effecting the welfare of the country.

In South Regina there is some dissatisfaction among the Temperance people at the stand taken by Mr. Mowat in favor of license. It is claimed that Mr. Mowat gave them to understand that he was with them. This seems a very lame excuse for not running a candidate. Several months have elapsed since the old assembly became defunct, and why, if they were in earnest, did they not have a man in the field long ago. Prohibition is evidently not booming in Regina.

The following members of the Legislative Assembly were elected by acclamation on Saturday for

ALBERTA.

Calgary—Lineham and Cayley. Banff—Brett. Red Deer—Wilkins. Edmonton — Oliver. McLeod — Hamilton. Lethbridge—Magrath.

ASSINIBOIA.

Medicine Hat—Tweed. Moosomin—Neff.

SASKATCHEWAN.

Mitchell—Mitchell. Prince Albert—McKay.

THE NOMINATIONS.

The nominations passed off very quietly on Saturday. The nomination papers of Mr. G. S. Davidson were handed to the Returning Officer, Mr. A. C. Paterson, at 1 p.m., signed by Messrs. Beauchamp, W. H. Bell, Dr. Carthew, W. B. Sheppard, R. Johnston, F. Bell, J. H. Boyce, J. H. McCaul, J. B. Milliken, R. E. Smith, W. T. Thompson, J. A. Cowan, A. D. Dickson, Joseph Craig, Wm. Henley, James Smith, J. Longpre, John Burghall, Wm. Brydon, and James Scott. Mr. G. H. V. Bulyea's nomination papers were signed by Messrs. John R. Bunn, Joseph Starr, T. Atkinson, and James Fair, and handed in shortly before 2 p.m., and the deposit required by law being made in each case, the Returning Officer granted a poll, and fixed the following polling divisions:—J. A. C. Blackwood's House, Blackwood; Katepwa Schoolhouse, Katepwa; Rowe's House, Sintaluta; Town Hall, Indian Head; Sunny South Schoolhouse; Wm. Brown's House, sec. 4, tp. 17, r. 16; Archy Walker's House, S.W. ¼ sec. 30, tp. 19, r. 15; McLane's Hall, Qu'Appelle.

A TERRIBLE EARTHQUAKE.

LONDON, Oct. 31.—The loss of life by the earthquake in Japan is now said to be very great. Over 2,000 persons were killed and about 18,000 houses destroyed in the province of Nagoya, on the Island of Hondo, the capital of which is Nagoya, a city of 130,000 inhabitants. In addition to the foregoing 5,000 houses were destroyed and 5,000 persons killed by an earthquake at Gifu. The town of Kano and Kasamatsu are also reported to have been destroyed, together with 50 miles of railroad. It is presumed that the fire which started among the wrecked buildings at Nagoya, may have had a great deal to do with the terrible loss of life announced. As the loss of life at Karo and at Kasamtsu is not reported, and as these towns were destroyed it is estimated here that the total loss of life may eventually be shown to be over 10,000. The severance of telegraphic communication with the devasted districts tends to prevent accurate details from being gathered as to the extent of the calamity.

THE CANDIDATES FOR M.L.A. SPEAK AT QU'APPELLE.

On Saturday afternoon, immediately after the nominations, a meeting was held in McLane's Hall. Mr. G. S. Davidson and Mr. G. H. V. Bulyea were present and addressed the meeting. The number present was not very large.

Dr. Bell was voted to the chair, and remarked that the object of the meeting was to hear the views of the candidates then before them. Without further comment he would call upon Mr. Davidson to address them.

Mr. Davidson said that the presence of the audience showed that the electors took interest in the choice of a candidate to represent them in the Legislative Assembly. Seeing he had represented them in the late Assembly, it would not be out of place to review his career during the past three years. In many respects they could look back with a certain amount of pride at what had been achieved by the Assembly. At the first meeting of the Assembly they had control of both the Dominion and local funds, but at the second session a change took place, his honor the Lieutenant-Governor claiming that he had a right to control the Dominion funds, though he was willing to be largely advised by the representatives of the people. The speaker, in this matter, considered he took the side of the people he represented in attempting to retain power over both revenues, as the school ordinances, for instance, could not be put into proper effect without control of the Dominion funds. Hereafter the Assembly will have full control of all monies voted to the Territories for any purpose whatsoever, and under the new Act a different state of things would exist in many respects. The ordinances of the North West Council entailed a good deal of work, and had to be revised by the various committees. One of the good results secured was the Small Debtors Act Under this Act machinery was provided for the working of courts in suitable places throughout the district to make it convenient for the settlers, and the expenses were so reduced as to bring the use of the law within the reach of all. Previously, all arrears of taxes had to be paid to the sheriff of the district, which often caused great loss of time and inconvenience, owing to the distance to be travelled, but now it was only necessary to apply to the municipal officer. The speaker interested himself on behalf of those who had only 80 acres as a homestead, and made a successful effort to pass a resolution for the homesteading of their pre-emptions. The privilege extended to those who were entitled to second homesteads of homesteading their pre-emptions was a step in the right direction, but Mr. Davidson would go further, for he thought every man entitled to his patent should be allowed to homestead his pre-emption. There had been charges made that the Assembly were to blame for the ballot not being available at the present election. Mr. Davidson pointed out that steps had been taken in the preparation of a bill, but nothing regarding finances could be introduced to the house without a message from His Honor the Lieutenant Governor. As evidence of what had been done, a letter was read which he received from Mr. Oliver, of Edmonton, who was a chief mover in drafting the bill. Speaking on the question of Prohibition, the speaker said he had fulfilled to the letter the pledges he made to the people at the last election. In the early part of the Assembly's existence the people from the west were anxious to get a licence system, but he opposed any change being made in the liquor laws until the people changed it themselves. The new Act gave the Assembly control of the liquor laws. The present state of affairs with regard to the liquor traffic was altogether unsatisfactory, and in preference he would vote for a high licence as a better means of regulating the traffic. He did not agree with the present uneven system of whiskey for Regina, four per cent beer for Qu'Appelle, and brandy, if they liked, for Indian Head. A prohibitory law in force from the Atlantic to the Pacific might work, but a high licence would be preferable to the present state of affairs. With respect to the dual language question the speaker said he was on record, and he had not found reason to alter his opinions. The expenditure of public money was dealt with. It was the custom of the Assembly to vote a certain amount for public improvements. This was divided among the different districts in equal parts, and each member was supposed to be the commissioner for the expenditure of the amount appropriated to his district. This district, it was contended, had got dollar for dollar with any district in the country. There would be now what might be called a responsible government, and Mr. Davidson favored the appointment of a commissioner for the purpose of seeing to the improvements. He would also favor a good immigration policy, as this part of the country stood at a great disadvantage in this respect as compared with Manitoba and other places. He was in favor of the re-enactment of the clause exempting personal property from taxation Mr. Davidson concluded by asking those present for their votes on election day, if they considered he had served them according to promise in the past.

Mr. Bulyea, in commencing his address, said although he had been eight or nine years amongst the people of Qu'Appelle he had not previously appeared as a public speaker, and for that reason he found it somewhat difficult to express his views, but he would endeavor to give them his opinion on the questions at issue. He then reviewed at some length the line he had adopted at previous elections, and refuted the statement made that he had been clamouring for nomination ever since he came to the country. Mr. Bulyea said he had been requested to become the candidate of the temperance people, and pointed out the obstacles which appeared to present themselves. Mr. Davidson had referred to the question of the ballot, but he (the speaker) could not see what use the letter they had heard would be to him. It was acknowledged that a movement was made in the preparation of a Ballot Act, but for some reason or other the courage of those who had it in hand seemed to have failed and the matter dropped. There was no part of the Dominion of Canada in which the ballot was more necessary or in which its influences would be more beneficial than in the North-West, and it was considered a hardship that they should still be deprived of it and have to again go to poll under the now almost obsolete system of open voting. The speaker referred to the Lieutenant Governor's answer to the deputation which waited upon him, and as the members had neglected to introduce the ballot during their three years of office it was not the Lieutenant-Governor's place to take the matter out of their hands. The speaker held that Mr. Davidson's explanation of the withdrawal of the clause in the Municipal ordinances was wrong and misleading. The withdrawal of the clause was a hardship to the struggling settler, and some effort should have been made during the life of the Assembly to re-enact the clause. Mr. Bulyea contended, in reference to the question of Prohibition, Mr. Davidson had given certain pledges to the temperance people in order to retain the temperance vote, and had failed to carry them out. It would be an item of news, particularly to the legal gentlemen, to hear of Mr. Davidson as the fifth legal adviser of the Legislative Assembly. This was the position assumed with regard to the Deetors Act. Mr. Bulyea was willing to give credit for what had been done in the matter of the 80 acre homesteads, and there would not be a man in the country but would favor such a course. He was pleased to learn that the public funds were likely to be spent in a more business-like fashion than during the last three years, for under the system which had been adopted it was liable to be made a corrupt fund by the members of the districts, because there was a great temptation to spend the money in such localities as to do the most good to the member himself, in the way of insuring political support. The speaker thought an unfair argument was used against him by his opponents, for it had been said to vote for him was to vote in favor of annexation. True, his forefathers had lived in America, having gone there from England, but they had come to Canada and left the stars and stripes. He was as loyal to his Queen and country as any in that room They had known him for the eight or nine years he had been in and out amongst them, and if they had sufficient confidence in him to think him worthy of a seat in the Assembly, and would have as much influence there as his opponent, he asked them to cast their votes in his favor on the day of election; but, on the other hand, if they were of opinion that his opponent was a more suitable man, and had more confidence in the stand he had taken on the questions at issue, Mr. Bulyea would not consider it a hardship if they left him at home, as it would perhaps be more to his interests to remain at home than go to the North-West Assembly.

Mr. J. R. Bunn asked both candidates questions with reference to the expenditure of public money and their views on the question of separate schools. Mr. Davidson replied that the public money of which he had control had been expended where most urgently needed. Some parts of the district required immediate assistance, but he hoped in time all parts would get their share. As to the separate school question, the Provincial Governments had no authority in the matter. Should the Assembly have to deal with it eventually, he had no reason to change his former course, and he was on record on the question. There was no necessity to mention in his address, as had been suggested by Mr. Bulyea, his views with reference to the dual language, as he had ever been of the opinion that they should have but one language for the whole community. Mr. Bulyea said in New Brunswick they had an unsectarian school law in force which worked very satisfactorily, and he thought the introduction of such a school system would be to the interests of the people.

The Chairman said that as the candidates had expressed their views so clearly, the electors had only to wait till polling day and then vote.

A vote of thanks to the chairman closed the proceedings.

ROYAL STANDARD READING ROOM.

The Committee appointed to make all the necessary arrangements for this Reading Room are able to report good progress. The house lately occupied by Mr. Brydon as a drug store has been secured; the large room is being furnished and will be opened next week. Mr. J. Burghall has been appointed caretaker, his duties will be to keep the reading room open from 8. a.m. to 10 p.m., for the use of subscribers only, and to attend to all the requirements and comforts expected in such cases. The Lord Bishop of Qu'Appelle has kindly consented to be the Patron; Mr. Hartley Gisborne is President, the Rev. H. S. Akehurst, Hon. Sec.-Treas, and Mr. W. S. Redpath, Hon. Solicitor, with Dr. Bell, Mr. G. D. MacKay and Mr. W. L. Clark as members of the committee for making all initial arrangements. The following papers and Magazines have been either promised or ordered and will be placed in the room as soon as possible (to prevent disappointment we would just say that some of the papers cannot possibly be in place until quite the end of next week owing to having had to send to a distance for them):—The Qu'Appelle Progress, Regina Leader, Regina Standard, Winnipeg Daily Free Press, Toronto Daily Mail, the Western World, Grip, Farmers' Advocate, Weekly Empire, Battleford Herald, Littel's Living Age (for this year.) The Anglo Saxon, Scribner's Magazine, Scientific American, Harper's Monthly, The Century, Arkansas Traveller, The Graphic or Illustrated London News, Chamber's Journal, Punch, Tit Bits, MacMillan's Magazine. All will acknowledge this to be a very good list for a young institution and should the number of subscribers permit the list will be further enriched. The room will be very comfortably furnished and subscriber's ticket will be found well worth the dollar to any one. Tickets may be obtained from any member of the committee: Messrs. H. Gisborne, G. P. Bell, G. D. MacKay, W. L. Clark or from the Sec., the Rev. H. S. Akehurst.

Qu'Appelle Observatory.

Reading of the thermometer for the week ending Tuesday, November 3rd.

	Maximum.	Minimum.
Wednesday, Oct. 28th	67	36
Thursday, Oct. 29th	62	40
Friday, Oct. 30th	48	25
Saturday, Oct. 31st	27	19
Sunday, Nov. 1st	21	14
Monday, Nov. 2nd	27	8
Tuesday, Nov. 3rd	42	25

WIND VELOCITY AND DIRECTION.

	6 a.m.	1 p.m.	6 p.m.
Wednesday, Oct. 28	s 6	sw 7	s 2
Thursday, Oct. 29	sw 4	w 3	w 16
Friday, Oct. 30	sw 18	sw 30	sw 30
Saturday, Oct. 31	w 20	sw 18	s 4
Sunday, Nov. 1	calm	se 6	se 10
Monday, Nov. 2	s 6	se 27	se 20
Tuesday, Nov. 3	s 16	w 22	w 11

THE BEST PROTECTION.

As a protection from the results of colds, sprains, bruises, burns, scalds, sore throat, and all painful diseases, Hagyard's Yellow Oil holds first place. Its efficacy has been proved thousands of times. It should be found in every household.

TOO HAPPY.

BY HARKLEY HARKER.

It was a stormy night, and I had come home from business rather earlier than usual. As I dragged my weary moccasined feet up the steps of my dwelling, the slush spattering from my draggled garments, its last spots that day, I was warmed within by thoughts of the welcome and repose that awaited me just beneath those front doors. They did not allow me to use the latch-key, but one of the children, who must have been listening, flew like a cherub and threw back the bolt.

There they all stood—my oldest little girl in her clean and dainty dress, with one hand on the door and the other lifted with a mimic gesture of greeting; three more all in white innocence, on the stairs, crowing, clapping hands, and hailing me. Alas! I was too much soiled with the night's damp to clasp them, and my young wife, dressed in becoming evening dress for home and me as if I were a guest and better than all "company," dear girl, upon the landing just behind them.

Well, that's the way I entered home. We had a shout of joy as I shut the street-door and locked it. Let the whole world of troubles stay out this stormy night. We may expect no callers. Then I washed and dressed for company. What company? My wife and children. Who deserves my best appearance if it be not these of my home? Better go illdressed to a great reception than untidy and shabby into an evening-at-home. Besides, had not my wise little wife made both herself and the children look attractive for me? She tied those ribbons for my eyes, and for my eyes she lives to this day, as in the days of our wooing nine good years ago. She knew we were to have all this evening-at-home. She was glad when it began to storm in the early afternoon, and at once laid her plans for an evening of beauty at home. This is her habit. I always know what is coming after a day's work in the storm.

We had broken the evening bread with grateful hearts and to zestful appetites. Every one of us six was in perfect health that night. Then we came into the library. A cheerful fire was glowing on the hearth. The storm kept beating at the windows of that room. The children noticed the drumming of the hail upon its panes, and mimicked it with their little fingers, rapping in return, laughing in high glee. I threw myself into the great armchair, with my feet upon the rest toward the fire. My younger boy, a chap of two years, was exploring my pockets for the accustomed good things. The other children stood expectant. My wife stood, beaming, at the edge of the center table, when she said:

"Do you know, my dear, what I have been thinking?"

"Why, yes. You are always thinking of something good," I answered, and then noticed the pensive tone of her voice and the strange, half-frightened look in her sweet face, that made her more fascinating than ever, if possible.

"No. I have been thinking, I wonder if we are too happy to-night," and her dear lips seemed to tremble, her countenance almost ready for tears.

"Do you think a human being can possibly have too much of such innocent joy as this? Will you tell me how it can do us harm? As well think one might have too much of heaven," I answered. Then she kissed me passionately, like a girl, and at once flew to the open piano.

How divinely she touched those keys that night! She poured out her noble soul in music. She sang above the pelting of the storm and all the roar of the great trees that swung their moaning branches at the window. She sang the songs I loved; she sang the old duets we used to sing in her father's house, and I could not let her sing alone, but joined her. The children hushed their play. I held the baby on my shoulder; the older ones clung to their mothers skirts, and never reached a hand to touch a key, as was their wont at other times, but listened to the songs we used to sing, we two, in her father's house ten years ago. When there came a pause, my wife, having just kissed each of the children, looked straight at me and asked again:

"Are you sure a human soul cannot be too happy in this world?"

"Why, my good maze, you distress me. How can that be? Does it harm us in body or mind? Does it harm a single human being on the earth? Does it harm God? Whom beside is there that our great happiness can offend?" And I kissed her, leaning over her shapely shoulder.

My wife thinks I know everything. I am not as good as she is, or in this respect I should undeceive her, at least attempt to. Hence, after I had spoken she went on again at the piano. Each of the children, save the youngest, sang a little ditty of the mother's teaching. I was retreating to my great chair—God and the down-looking angels and the baby and I are the audience.

The grand opera has no such songsters, nor ever affords such unmixed delight. There was no criticism of the performers. The encore was honest. There never was such an audience outside of happy homes. Their voices linger yet. One can never forget. Thank God, one need not forget. It is of such things one is thankful that memory is eternal.

Then she sent the little ones to their slumbers. She came, my young wife, and bent over me, to lift the sleeping boy who had fallen asleep upon my shoulder, with his soft cheek against mine—to lift and hand him to the nursery girl, and, gazing on us both with her great eyes she seemed to repeat the old question once more, for the eyes were full of tears. So, when the unwaking little one had gone and we were quite alone, I drew her down beside me. The storm was beating at the windows, but back her hair from the pure forehead and said:

"It is there still, this old question in your heart, 'Can we be too happy?' Good wife, stop to think. Here are wrinkles already on your brow—not deep, but graven for beginnings. What made them? We have had sad days, have we not, darling? We have had our share of troubles, our share of sorrows. Why not drink to the full the peace of this present moment? Why not enjoy it while we may?" Then I traced out one of the infant lines upon her beautiful face with my finger, ana went on, "We shall have in the future our share of vexations. These lines will grow deeper. The storm will some time beat in at the window. The fire will burn to ashes in the grate. Why not drink to the full, with eager relish, the happiness of this sheltered night? Tell me why not, good wife? We rob no other heart if we are thus glad."

"But I was thinking if it were not somehow wicked to be thus blessed when others are, doubtless, all about us unblessed," she murmured.

"It would be if our peace were purchased by their loss. But is it? It would be if our misery could make them happy. But can it? Do we forget the poor? Have I built up my fortune by pulling down others? God forbid!" I added.

"And you think it is likely to last, our happiness?"

"That no man knows. But it is more likely to last if we receive it into appreciative hearts than if we were too dull and ingrate to take it when it comes. If God is a giver like an earthly parent would He not rejoice to see us conscious of His blessings?"

"Do you think, my boy," that is her appellation in moments of great confidence, "that we cannot love this home too much; cannot love our children too fondly; cannot love each other too devotedly?"

"Think it?" I cried, I know it! We may love God too little, prize heaven too cheaply, hold the cross of self-sacrifice with too unwilling a hand; but that we can love home and innocence too much is blasphemy, according to my conception of the Giver of every good and perfect gift. If that is your thought, pray Heaven to grant you to be ready for any sacrifice for the sake of duty, and at His command. But to cheapen your love for the thing sacrificed—if He ever calls for it—is not the way to ennoble that sacrifice. That is the coward's way. To give up what you value not is not sacrifice. To surrender that which is precious is the cross bearing on which Heaven smiles."

Then she threw her arms about my neck, saying:

"I will pray that I may love you and the children and this home more and more and more, that I may be happier and yet happier till the end."

And as she rose to touch the piano softly once more, singing the old songs, our hearts were full of such great swelling gratitude to God that I believe high Heaven was pleased. The storm kept beating outside the windows.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.

Self-respect governs morality; respect for others governs our behavior.

Life is too short to be spent in nursing animosity or in registering wrongs.

Let us be content in work to do the thing we can, and not presume to fret because it's little.

Curiosity becomes a vice when it is only an itching to learn what is amiss respecting others.

He, after all, is no true worshipper who cannot make a temple of his tent, wherever God has pitched it.

Nothing is more pitiful than a life spent in thinking of nothing but self; yes, even in thinking of nothing but one's own soul.

If thou wouldst preach to men, preach with thy life; four words are but a portion of our speech, aye, and the smallest often.

There is no degree of merit so high as to place man beyond the reach of temptation, or to prevent him from rising still higher.

Noble thoughts are apt to lead to noble deeds. Evil thoughts will surely lead to evil deeds; therefore, we are in honor bound to suppress evil thoughts promptly and so firmly that they cannot again dawn within us.

The best things are nearest—breath in your nostrils, light in your eyes, flowers at your feet, duties at your hand. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things of life.

Life is achievement, and truth does its work only under that conception. If life were not this, that is, a process of achievement, there would have been no occasion for a real world; an existence of mere ideas or perceptions, or of your mind without body or world, would have answered as well.

The best way in which we can act usefully in the immense circle of the world an I for, the good of humanity is to fill our place in the circumscribed circle of domestic virtues, to form around us an atmosphere of love and benevolence. We must do the good that lies in our power; it afterwards belongs to Providence, and not to us, to make that good contribute to the general utility.

MARRIED TWENTY-TWO TIMES.

His Wife Had Been Married Only Twenty Times.

As an example of the frequency of divorce in ancient Rome, one may cite the case of a lady who in five years had eight husbands, and of a man married twenty-two times previously who allied himself with a woman who became a wife for the twenty-first time. Under the empire the property and person of the wife were released from the control of the husband.

She had power to inherit property willed to her, and to manage her own property. The Romans being the "masters of the world," their wives came to be called the "mistresses of the masters of the world."

When a woman had considerable property of her own, she usually had a young lawyer to manage it for her, and her husband was reduced to the pitiable situation of borrowing money from his wife at a high rate of interest, while the handsome young agent of his wife did not by any means always confine his attention to the management of his client's property.

But all this contrasted strongly with the position and conduct of women in the early days, when, though not legally independent, they were very much respected.

Then the matron or mistress controlled the household and the slaves; she could appear in the street, at the circus or theatre. Women were then modest and virtuous, and the honor of the republic was very dear to them.

Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi, has become a type of good and noble motherhood.

Even in later days, Julia, the daughter of Cæsar and the wife of Pompey, was a brave and virtuous woman, as also was Octavia, sister of the first emperor, Augustus, and the wife of Anthony. And the tyrant Tiberius could not daunt the spirit of Agrippina, the wife of Germanicus.

The Feats of Australia

"There is absolutely no diminution in the rabbit pest in Australia," said H. T. Aubrey, of Melbourne, the other day.

"In New Zealand from 15,000,000 to 20,000,000 rabbit skins are sold annually. This is all the more remarkable when it is considered that until 1851 not one of these animals was to be found in the colonies. In that year a gentleman who was visiting England thought it would be a fine thing to have some rabbits in the antipodes, and so he returned with a cage full of little animals. For a year or so all that he bred were distributed through the colonies, and hence the terrible result. Thousands and thousands of acres of land have been devastated, and hundreds of farmers ruined financially.

"Another source of great trouble to us has been the thistle. That pest we owe to a Scotchman, who carried one of the flowers out to Sydney with him. Its arrival was made the occasion of a banquet, and the thistle was planted with elaborate ceremonies. The plant grew and thrived, and in three years' time was scattered by the winds. In fact it has now rooted out the native grasses on millions of acres, destroyed sheep runs by the hundreds and caused no end of losses and trouble."

Drowned Everything.

Wooden—"Did you hear those eight fellows playing a double quartette on four pianos?"

Bulfinch—"It was a perfect cataract of music, wasn't it?"

Bulfinch—"A cataract! Why it was a regular male-strum!"

A Very Conscientious Boy.

Many a good story is told of a school where the boys are remarkably conscientious. One day the principal was lecturing them on the subject of cleanliness and asked: "Is there any boy here who has not taken a thorough bath this morning?" One lad only, a pattern of neatness, pleaded guilty.

"You, Harris?" said the teacher. "I am surprised."

"I tried, sir," said Harris stoutly, "but there's one spot under my shoulder-blade that I'm not sure I touched. So I can't call it a thorough bath."

No Hesitation.

Mr. William Pagan, Liverpool, England, Harriers, writes: "I believe St. Jacobs Oil to be the best thing ever used for curing and preventing swellings and soreness of the cords and muscles after severe exercise. Having used the Oil myself, and knowing other members of this club who use no other remedy after their exercises and races, I have no hesitancy in recommending it to all athletes." It is the best.

THE SEA SERPENT IN SCOTCH WATERS.

A Monster 300 Feet High.

A Peterhead fisherman, who gives us his name and address, vouches for the truth of the following astounding narrative:—We were holding in ridicule the story about the crew of the Rose and Thistle having seen the monster at sea as described by one of her crew, and which was seen by a fishing boat off Kinnaird Head. We proceeded to sea on Tuesday, leaving port about 1.30 P. M., and sailed a south-westerly course for four hours, hoping to fall in with a shoal of herrings some thirty miles off land. A few more boats were in sight during the whole time, but were more to the westward than ourselves. The shades of evening were just closing in upon us, and the sea bore that leaden hue that indicates a breeze, a sign in which few mariners are ever mistaken; and our skipper pleaded caution in shooting our nets, preferring rather to sail around and look for the herrings, a practice very common during unsettled weather. A shout from one of the hands drew our attention to a

DARK-LOOKING OBJECT

looming up against the foggy background and which seemed in motion and to be swaying backwards and forwards in a strange manner. The story of the sea serpent at once cropped up, but was as quickly beaten down by the few older men, who declared the object, which was two or three miles distant, to be a waterspout. To prove this, and to have a laugh at the Stornoway men who a few days before declared that they saw a strange monster of gigantic dimensions, our skipper headed the boat directly for the object mentioned, and now with the breeze full astern we were rapidly putting less distance between ourselves and the supposed waterspout. A few of the hands, myself among the others, felt no necessity for sailing to decide the cause of our attention, feeling assured that a waterspout was a quite common phenomenon at sea even on our coast; and I, who had been four years to the Arctic regions, and had sailed on nearly every coast in the known world, had seen many

A STRANGE PHENOMENON

at sea, but we were about to witness a sight the like of which few or any of my mates, had never dreamt of, nor can we yet well realise the effect the sight had upon us. On nearing the object mentioned we (although darkness was coming rapidly on) could see that we must at least abandon the waterspout theory, and our hired hand threw out sundry hints to put about, but our old man was determined to dispel the sea serpent story, and held on his course. All at once the extraordinary motions of the object drew the entire attention of all hands, and it now was quite apparent that there was extraordinary life in it, and the motion of the water around it showed the presence of some live or mechanical body. Towering in the air a dark looking object, possibly 300 feet in height, and with a long projecting head and two fore fins or legs making a steady swaying motion and emitting a hissing sort of sound, was now quite clearly seen, the eyes, mouth, and even the nostrils were plainly in view; and all the prehistoric monsters I ever read of were mere mites compared with this mammoth. What eyes! the sight of which seemed to make

EVERY ONE SPELLBOUND,

and powerless; a row of teeth, each one four times the length of a man in appearance, but of so terrifying an aspect that it was a few minutes before we realized our proximity to the monster. The putting the boat up in the wind brought us to our senses, and all hands sprang to put the boat about—the audible prayers of the hired hand being the only words spoken, we all felt so impressed. The face of the old man looked like a sheet of white canvas, and terror seemed depicted on every face. We all huddled together after putting about, and never one said a word, nor dared we look behind; but still hearing the lashing of the water and the hissing sound, we knew we were yet within a close distance of the monster, if it was not really following us. The mantle of darkness, however was in our favor, and we felt somewhat relieved when our skipper spoke, assuring us that we were now out of sight and reach of it. Never did any crew reach a port more thankful than we did, and as each wended his way home his thoughts were. What could it be? Will anyone believe us. Yet it is a verity, and the whole of our crew can prove it, and that this is the exact truth.

A Clever Jail Breaker.

For some months Raojee behaved well. His devoted wife then appeared and petitioned for some jewels, which she asserted were her own property. Anyhow, she loitered about, and it is said she had an interview with him. Whether she helped or not in what happened afterward is best known to those who must have assisted our native Jack Sheppard in his wonderful escape. It is asserted that at 5 p. m. he was locked up in one of the solitary cells, which had an iron barred door and walls sixteen feet high, with a batten and Mangalore tiled roof. The next morning Raojee was non est. His escape was no mystery when the mode was carefully examined. He appeared to have been provided with a light rope some twenty-two feet long, which is usually used for the weaving weft. To this was knotted a tape from his pyjama; at the end of the tape he is supposed to have tied his cap with a little mud in it, and had adroitly thrown it so as to pass between the beam of the roof and the tiles: by a little shaking the weighted cap brought down this end of the rope within reach. When all was quiet he appears, or is said, to have swarmed up the rope and most professionally removed the heavy tiles, placing them carefully one on the top of the other. When the hole was sufficient to admit his body he got through and drew the rope after him to assist in getting down from the roof. When this feat was accomplished he had to circumvent the watchers and clear the inner and outer wall and pass the sentries. Nothing daunted, he appears to have made for the central tower by getting out of his own ward, wriggled into the hospital ward, and made for the outer ward at the back of the hospital. Here he placed an iron tin against the wall, but found he was too short to reach the top with its aid, so he went to the building and wrenched off one of the shutters of a window, thereby procuring nails, which he fixed in the wall to assist in getting on the top: this was easily accomplished. To descend on the other side was nothing for him; but the next question was a more serious one—that was, surmounting the outer wall, which varied from eighteen to twenty feet in height. Even this had been thought of, as he walked half round the jail to the blacksmith's shop, situated between the outer and inner wall where he forced open the chest, armed himself with an implement sufficient for his purpose, and next proceeded to the superintendent's office, which is next to the sepoy's guard-room. The padlock offered little resistance. The contents of the prisoners property box were soon ransacked. Appropriating forty rupees in cash and rigging himself out in the best suit of clothes of under-trial prisoners, he proceeded to the outer wall, where he must have been some time listening to the footsteps of the sentinel, and at the same time working through the wall with his blacksmith's implement during the intervals between the sentry's visit. At last, when all but through, his keen hearing pointed to the time for the removal of the last impediment, and he was free, with forty rupees in his pocket and a good suit of clothes to his back. Thus ended a well-planned, skilful, and daring escape, much to the chagrin of the jail authorities and the contingent guard whose sentry shortly afterward stumbled over the debris accumulated on his footpath, which had not been there when he last passed that way.—Allahabad Pioneer.

At this season of the year the liberty of the ciderpress must be preserved.

The height of absurdity—the dude's collar.

Purify Your Blood

The importance of keeping the blood in a pure condition is universally known, and yet there are very few people who have perfectly pure blood. The taint of scrofula, salt rheum, or other foul humor is hereditary and transmitted for generations, causing untold suffering, and we also accumulate poison and germs of disease from the air we breathe, the food we eat, or the water we drink. There is nothing more conclusively proven than the positive power of Hood's Sarsaparilla saparilla eases of the over all diseases of the blood. This medicine, when fairly tried, does expel every trace of scrofula or remove salt rheum, the taint which causes catarrh, neutralizes the acidity and cures rheumatism, drives out the germs of malaria, blood poisoning, etc. It also vitalizes and enriches the blood, thus overcoming that tired feeling, and building up the whole system. In its preparation, its medicinal merit, and the wonderful cures it accomplishes Hood's Sarsaparilla is **Peculiar to Itself.** Thousands testify to its success, and the best advertising Hood's Sarsaparilla receives is the hearty endorsement of its army of friends. Every testimonial we publish, and every statement we make on behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla may be relied upon as strictly true in every respect.

If you need a good blood purifier or building up medicine, be sure to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Further information and statements of cures sent free to all who address us as below.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

LIONS IN HIS PATH.

How the Driver Cleared the Way with His Whip.

A correspondent of the London *Graphic*, who has had considerable experience in South Africa, narrates an incident which occurred on the Limpopo river, the northern boundary of the Transvaal. One of his drivers was a Hottentot named Cigar, and though the roads were heavy he had to hurry on, time being an object, not even halting for the usual siesta in the middle of the day.

But one day the bullocks stopped suddenly and refused to advance further. The Hottentot's experience told him that there was something ahead that frightened the oxen, so, seizing his whip, he went forward to reconnoitre.

He was not long in discovering the cause of the trouble, namely, a splendid couple of lions with their cubs, enjoying a midday snooze. Without hesitation he measured with his eye the distance, then raising his giant ox-whip brought it down among them with a succession of cracks that rivaled the report of a gun.

Thus abruptly awakened, neither of the parents stopped to learn who had disturbed them, but bounded off into the adjoining jungle, closely followed by their progeny.

"German Syrup"

J. C. Davis, Rector of St. James' Episcopal Church, Eufaula, Ala.: "My son has been badly afflicted with a fearful and threatening cough for several months, and after trying several prescriptions from physicians which failed to relieve him, he has been perfectly restored by the use of two bottles of Boschee's German Syrup. I can recommend it without hesitation." Chronic severe, deep-seated coughs like this are as severe tests as a remedy can be subjected to. It is for these long-standing cases that Boschee's German Syrup is made a specialty. Many others afflicted as this lad was, will do well to make a note of this.

An Episcopal Rector.

J. F. Arnold, Montevideo, Minn., writes: I always use German Syrup for a Cold on the Lungs. I have never found an equal to it—far less a superior.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

Terrible Privations at Sea.

The barque Prince Eugene, from Greenock, reached in a most timely manner six men belonging to the vessel Latona. The poor fellows were in a small dory, and had undergone great hardships, not having had any food or water for three days and nights. The Latona is a fishing vessel, and was off the banks of Newfoundland when the men left the dory to attend to their nets. A fog suddenly coming on their vessel was lost sight of, and the men did not afterwards regain her. For three days and nights the poor fellows suffered keenly, indeed their sufferings were such that they could not have endured them much longer. They were kindly treated on board the Prince Eugene. To show the timely nature of the rescue, a heavy gale sprang up the day after the men were picked up, and the captain of the Prince Eugene said it would have been impossible for the little craft to have outlived it, and all of the men must have perished. The Prince Eugene landed the men at Quebec little the worse for their trying adventure.

St. Jacobs Oil

SURE CURE. PROMPT CURE.

CURES PERMANENTLY

Rheumatism
Sciatica
Back-Aches
all Aches
NEURALGIA.

IT HAS NO EQUAL.
IT IS THE BEST.

THE SECRET OF YOUTH.

Why Certain Women are Always Fresh and Beautiful

People are apt to attribute haggard looks to mental activity, and to counsel repose and tranquility as a cosmetic.

To the thoughtful traveller the falsity of this theory is obvious. It is in the country village where the church meeting is the theatre, the mail the excitement, the days weeks, and one can hear the cows breathe in the deathly stillness, that the greatest number of sunken cheeks, wrinkled brows, leaden complexions and lifeless expressions are to be seen among the women yet in their thirties. In the seething metropolis, living three lives and enjoying two, are to be found scores of women—mothers or perhaps grand mothers—possessing all the vitality, freshness and much of the bloom of early youth.

The fact is, it is not activity, but drowsiness, the presence, of sleeping or dead thought in the soul, that is aging. Unvaried scenes, the repetition to-morrow of to-day to-day of yesterday, this week of the preceding one, the ability to calculate exactly what each neighbor is doing at each hour of each day—the inevitable clock-like routine of conception, the monotony of existence, the utter weariness of an empty think-tank, that saps the vernal springs and creates decay in the face.

Past grief, old angers, revenges, even past pleasures constantly dwelt upon—all dead, decaying or decayed thought, make a sepulchre of the soul, a cemetery of the body and a weather-beaten monument of the face. This is age.

The women who never grow old are the student women—those who daily drink in new chyle through memorizing, thoroughly analyzing, and perfectly assimilating subjects apart from themselves. Study is development—is eternal youth. The student woman who makes wise use of her acquisitions, has no time to corrugate her brow with dread thought of the beauty-destroyer leaping fast behind her. Not considered or invited, Old Age keeps his distance.

Brain culture based on noble motive means sympathy, heart gentleness, charity, graciousness, enlargement of sense, feeling, power.

Such a being cannot become a fossil. She has found the elixir of life, the fountain of eternal youth.

SHOT HIS OLD FATHER.

A North Carolina Parricide Hunted Down by His Neighbors.

RALEIGH, N. C., Oct.—News reached here to-day of a terrible crime in Wilkes County. Sherman Greer and his two crippled brothers lived with the Rev. William Greer, their father, an aged preacher. Sherman and a friend went home drunk and began shooting. His father ordered him to leave the house. He swore he would not leave, and as his father approached shot him, the bullet passing near the heart. Sherman's friend, a young rough named Francis Watson, caught the old man and Sherman again fired, the bullet this time ranging through his stomach and lodging against the spine.

Sherman and Watson left the former saying to his crippled brothers that he was going after cartridges and as soon as he procured them he would return and kill them. He told them he had killed "the preacher," as he termed his father.

The crippled lads gave the alarm and a pursuit began. The desperadoes took the horse of a man named Church and defied the posse. Many shots were fired and Fayette Walsh, one of the posse was dangerously wounded in the thigh. Sherman and Watson escaped. Church organized a posse and pursued them through Watauga County into Tennessee. At one point there was a battle, during which forty shots were exchanged.

The Tennessee authorities pursued the fugitives, and they returned to Watauga, their intention being to get into Virginia; but within two miles of the line a posse made up of people from Boone captured them. They are in jail at Wilkesboro. Feeling against them is very bitter.

Last Words of Great Men.

A great man died last week who furnished another illustration of the fact that the dominant idea in life is the one that is most potent on the eve of death.

The last thoughts of Charles Stewart Parnell were of Ireland, and his last words were: "Give my love to colleagues and the people of Ireland." So Lord Nelson, dying more gloriously in the hour of victory, murmured with his last breath: "Tell Collingwood to bring the fleet to anchor." And so Napoleon, having fretted his life out at St. Helena, passed away after ejaculating: "*Tete d'armee.*"

Parnell's parting benediction recalls the last words of Sir Walter Scott: "God bless you all!" Fortunate for him and for Ireland had he been able to leave this world like Washington with the brief sentence: "It is well." But doubtless "they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain," and the parting salutation of Ireland's uncrowned king will be remembered when his errors and follies are forgotten.

It was the courtly Chesterfield who, when he lay dying, said, as a friend entered his chamber, "Give Dayroles a chair," and it was Pope who assured an inquirer with almost his last breath, "I am dying, sir, of a hundred good symptoms." But to the leaders of men the solemnity of the occasion has been usually present, and they die in the spirit of the last admonition of Grotius: "Be serious." The exultant whisper with which the deaf Beethoven passed away, "I shall hear in heaven," will never cease to vibrate, any more than the last request of Goethe, "More light! more light!"

Nature Has Provided

A remedy for every ache and pain, and science through ceaseless activity and experiment is constantly wresting the secrets of her domain. A new and wonderful discovery has recently been made by means of which tens of thousands will be free from pain. Nerviline, or nerve pain cure, represents in very concentrateadm for the most potent pain relieving substitutes known to medical science, and strange to say, it is composed of substances solely vegetable in origin. Polson's Nerviline is the most prompt, certain, and pleasant pain remedy in the world. Try Nerviline for toothache, neuralgia, cramps &c., always safe and efficient.

Have you teeth? If so, then keep them clean by using Adams' Tutti Frutti. Sold by all druggists and confectioners; 25 cents.

A good many preachers try so hard to feed a few giraffes in their flocks that they let the sheep and lambs starve to death.

Dr. T. A. Slocum's

OXYGENIZED EMULSION of PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have Tightness of the Chest—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

Prof. Lintner, an authority on entomology, says that there are a million or more species of insects in the world.

Hay fever takes a prominent place among the maladies that go to make life uncomfortable during this month. Through the use of Nasal Balm the sufferer will experience immediate relief and rapid cure. No other remedy equals it for the treatment of hay fever and catarrh. Sold dy all dealers or sent on receipt of price (50c. and $1 a bottle). G. T. Fulford & Co., Brockville, Ont.

Never suffer youth to be an excuse for in adequacy, nor age and fame to be an excuse or indolence.—[B.B. Haydon.

GIBBONS' TOOTHACHE GUM
For sale by Druggists. Price 15c.

God endures us when we offend? let us endure Him when He tries us. Endurance is one of the names of love.

Use the **R. F. F. COUGH DROP.** Ask your Druggist, Grocer, or Confectionary for them. Manufactured by the TORONTO BISCUIT AND CONFECTIONERY Co., Toronto.

The best of all ways
To lengthen our days,
Is to use Pierce's Purgative Pellets, Sir!

For nine-tenths of the diseases of the body begin with constipation or the clogging up of the sluice ways, through which the impurities of the blood escape, so that they are re-absorbed into the system. The Purgative Pellets act gently but thoroughly upon the stomach and liver, and are the best laxative known. Without racking and straining the organs, they open the bowels and restore a natural, healthy digestion. Unequaled in dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness, piles, or any of the resulting diseases.

Fearful reports of a cholera epidemic have been received from China. For the past month the death rate in Soo Chow has been very high.

"Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
And here's to the widow of forty!"

They have each reached a period in life when most females need assistance in tiding them over the shoals which so often completely wreck their after lives. In producing regularity and healthy action of the female organs, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription stands without a peer. At a time when nature gives them increased burdens, so many young girls have their health for life shattered. If you wish your daughter to miss those periodical, agonizing backaches, and dizzy headaches, languid and tired feelings, accompanied with rough, pimply skin and dull, heavy eyes, get her a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. If you have reached the latter period of danger and weakness, you will need a bottle, too. See wrapper on bottle for printed guarantee. Satisfaction given in in every case or money returned.

The man who reforms himself has done more toward reforming the public than a dozen noisy patriots.

Watching the Hour-Glass.

As a miser counts his gold, night and day,
So I count the minutes told in the glass;
My eyes dim, my hair is thin and gray,
And I know I'm growing old as they pass.

When we approach "the sere and yellow leaf" of our days, we are prone to look back regretfully. A clear conscience and sound health will lighten our gloomy reflections. Health is the greatest blessing—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery the greatest medicine. It arrests the progress of lung and scrofulous diseases, and cures consumption, or Lung-scrofula, if taken in time. It is the king of liver invigorators and blood-purifiers, and a powerful tonic, building up the debilitated patient to perfect health. Contains no alcohol.

The wine grape yield in California this year is said to have been enormous.

There Must

be great merit in SLOCUM'S preparations. His OXYGENIZED EMULSION of PURE COD LIVER OIL has taken the first place as a cure for consumption and kindred diseases. Every druggist keeps it and no householder should be without it. The remedy is reliable and invaluable. 35 cents per bottle.

A. P. 577.

MUCH BETTER, Thank You!

THIS IS THE UNIVERSAL TESTIMONY of those who have suffered from CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, OR ANY FORM OF WASTING DISEASES, after they have tried

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES
—Of Lime and Soda.—

IT IS ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK. IT IS A WONDERFUL FLESH PRODUCER. It is used and endorsed by Physicians. Avoid all imitations or substitutions. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and $1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

"PUSH THE WHEEL; IT LIGHTS"—"Reliable" Pocket Lamps and Cigar Lighter Post paid 60c. Agents wanted. Dealers supplied. Circular for stamp. **NOVELTY INTRODUCTION CO., Box 505 E Galt, Ont.**

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WATSON'S COUGH DROPS
Will give positive and instant relief to those suffering from Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc., and are invaluable to Orators and Vocalists. E. & T. W. stamped on each drop. Try them.

ASTHMA CURED FREE BE TAFT'S ASTHMALENE Never fails; send your address, and we will send you a bottle FREE. Dr. TAFT BROS. ROCHESTER, N.Y. Asthma Dept. 179 Adelaide St. W. TORONTO, CANADA.

HAY FEVER & ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED. We want the name and address of every sufferer in the U.S. and Canada. Address, P. Lord Hays, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.

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We are distributing Agents for McBRIDE'S CELEBRATED ENGLISH SHEEP'S CASINGS, put up in kegs of 50 bundles. Finest American Hog's Casings on Hand.
Orders filled for any desired quantity. Lowest prices to the trade. JAS. PARR & SON.

TO THE FRONT AGAIN.
For 20 cents and the address of all the agents you know, we will mail you "**Talmage on Palestine,**" the latest production of the celebrated divine, nearly 500 pages.
E. N. Moyer & Co., 60 Yonge Street, Toronto.

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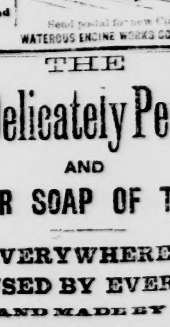

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CHAPTER XXIII.

The information imparted by the landlord did not assist me in coming to any definite conclusion as to whether Miss Haldane was or was not the daughter of Adeline Ducroz—always supposing, of course, that the report of the child's death shortly after her birth was false, which was an assumption at which Mr. Barlow's client appeared to have arrived. With a fair insight now into Mr. Haldane's character, I felt that he was quite capable of inventing a story of a marriage, and of returning home with a child whom he intended to be received as the child of that imaginary union. His motive for thus encumbering himself was not so clear, unless, indeed, at the root of a nature radically base there grew some tendrils of affection for a child of his blood. To enter, however, upon this road of conjecture would profit me but little, and I turned from it at once, and applied myself to the task of extracting such scraps of further information from my companion as might chance to be of use to me. Did he know into what family Mr. Haldane had married, I asked. No, he replied, he did not, and what was more, he did not care; nor did any of the villagers, he added. Mr. Haldane had chosen to ignore them, and to treat them as though they were so much dirt. What interest, therefore, was it likely they would take in a domestic occurrence, even of that importance? This feeling, to my mind, was quite natural, but I was surprised that the landlord of the Brindled Cow should be so free in expressing it. It was true that he was in his cups, in which condition many men are apt to be indiscreet, and to commit themselves to disclosures and opinions which in their sober moments they would keep close. But my surprise lessened when I subsequently learned that the lease of the Brindled Cow—which, in common with all the other property in the village, belonged to Mr. Haldane—would run out in the course of a year and that the landlord whose family had held it for generations could obtain no satisfactory assurance of a renewal. In addition to which, as my companion boastfully remarked, he was by no means badly off, and could afford to snap his fingers at any one.

"If it wasn't for my wife," said the landlord. "I'd fling the lease in his face. But she's got no spirit; she's like my grandfather, and thinks that Chudleigh's the world. It's only a nutshell, I tell her, but she shakes her head and mourns. She'll get over it, though, if we have to flit. Why, you'd hardly believe it, she's never been inside a theatre; she trembles at the very thought of one. That's what living in Chudleigh brings a body to; dries 'em up, it does 'em up. Once see London, I say again, as I'll go on saying it till I get her there; and then, when she's got over her first scare, she'll thank me for acting like a man."

"You said awhile ago," I said, after complimenting him upon his courage, "that Mr. Haldane was one man here and another man there. You referred to his young days, I take it. He has sown his wild oats."

"Has he?" exclaimed the landlord. "I could tell a different tale if I'd a mind to. When the parson preaches about saints and sinners it would have a better application if pointed his finger straight at Mr. Haldane. But they don't throw stones at the rich; it's the poor they hammer away at. What would the parson say, I wonder, if he saw the master as I've seen him, on a racecourse carrying on with painted ladies in a way a common man would be ashamed of? What would he say, if ——"

But whatever further revelations the landlord was about to make they were, much to my vexation, cut short by the appearance of his wife, who, opening the door unceremoniously, stood there and beckoned to him. Otherwise she neither spoke nor moved; she simply beckoned to him. Thinking of the manner in which he had spoken of her as a woman of no spirit, and of my own experience of her as a soft-spoken creature who scarcely raised her voice above a whisper, I was curious to witness the result of this intrusion upon our privacy. Would the landlord storm and bluster, and peremptorily order her from the room? Would he regale her with a stern lecture upon her presumption in thus daring to break in upon us? Would he assert his authority as master of his house and as wearer of the breeches in a manner not to be mistaken? To my astonishment he did nothing for a minute or two but sit and stare at her, the while her forelinger calmly invited him to the course she deemed prudent for him. There was no resisting the mandate. Rising, after a period of imbecile hesitation, he looked at me foolishly, and meekly followed his wife from the room, indicating to me unerringly that if ever the grey mare was the better horse within the walls of an Englishman's castle the animal reigned here within the walls of The Brindled Cow.

The revelations, however, which the landlord had made of the ways and doings of Mr. Haldane, tantalisingly cut short as they were at the most interesting point, were sufficiently novel to occupy my attention, and to lead me to ponder upon the problem my companion had presented—a mental operation, the suspension of which was only caused by the arrival of Rachel Diprose from the hall. Hailing her appearance as a welcome relief, and as a possible means of increasing my store of knowledge, I presented her first with the album which Mr. Barlow had bought for her. Gifts are always welcome to those who are not overburdened with them, and Rachel was profuse in her expressions of appreciation and in her admiration of the good taste which had guided the selection. We took a stroll in the village I carrying the two albums, and afterwards walked leisurely to the Park. Rachel being good enough to observe that she felt as much at home with me as if she had known me for years and years.

"I am very pleased to hear it, my dear," I said.

Hitherto we had been conversing about George, and London, and the portraits of her immediate family in the album, no mention being made about the portraits of Mr. and Miss Haldane; and as Rachel did not broach the subject, I, as a fellow-conspirator with Mr. Barlow, did not dream of doing so. Rachel had laughingly asked me whether I approved of the pictured presentments of the relations, and had then gone off in raptures of a baby niece, which I, as a prospective aunt wished to be grandfather, regarded as a good and hopeful sign. These and other subjects of a close domestic nature being exhausted, I said

"So you and your young mistress are alone at the hall?"

"Yes," said Rachel, with a half sigh, "we are all alone."

Interpreting the sigh, and interpreting it wrongly, I said, "You find it dull, Rachel."

"Oh, no, not at all," she said promptly. "We are used to being alone. Mr. Haldane often goes to London."

"How often, my dear?"

"O, over and over again. He spends more than half his time there."

"Taking Miss Haldane with him sometimes, I suppose?"

"O, no, he never does that. He goes all by himself without any warning. And he often comes back that way."

"But he writes to his daughter beforehand saying that he is coming home."

"He never does," and I judged from her voice that her master was not in favour with her.

"Miss Haldane has been in London, of course?"

"Twice, on a visit to friends."

"You did not go with her, Rachel?"

"I remained at the hall."

"Mr. Haldane was with his daughter at the time of these visits, and he took her about to the theatres and exhibitions?"

"He did nothing of the kind. Both times when Miss Haldane was in London he was abroad, and kept there. She saw nothing of her father till they were both back at the Hall."

"But surely," I said, "Mr. Haldane going so often to London, has a house there? He is rich enough to own one."

"He may be that, for all I know," replied Rachel, "but he hasn't any house that I know of. He stops at some hotel or other. Leastways, that is where Miss Haldane writes to him. I don't mind saying it to you, Mr. Millington, but if I was a young lady I shouldn't like to have such a father."

"Anything you say to me, my dear, is in confidence. I look upon you already as my daughter, and I hope you won't keep George waiting too long."

"You mustn't press me," said Rachel, and her voice was at once firm and regretful. "I've told George my mind, and he's agreed to it. I'll never leave my mistress till she's happily married and settled."

"So George has told me, my dear. But, Rachel, consider——never!"

"Never, Mr. Millington," she replied in a determined tone, which made me think there was no shaking this young woman, once she had made up her mind and expressed it.

"Well, my dear," I said feeling it best, in George's interests, not to oppose so resolute a maid, "all we can hope for is that Miss Haldane will soon be happily married and settled."

"I'm sure I hope so," said Rachel, ingenuously.

"For George's sake, my dear?"

"Yes, for George's sake, and my own. A girl couldn't wish for a better man than George, Mr. Millington."

"That she could not, my dear, nor a truer, nor a more faithful lover. And now, Rachel, the question that comes to me is, does Miss Haldane's happiness depend upon someone else? There's a lover abroad, you told me, a young gentleman who's trying to make his fortune over the water. Does Miss Haldane's happiness depend upon him?"

"In one way it does, in another way it doesn't. You see, Mr. Millington, they can't do as they like, my young lady and her cruse saw theart over the sea. There's a big stone in the way."

"The stone has a name, Rachel."

"The name's Mr. Redwood,"

"Ah, Mr. Louis Redwood, the bosom friend of Mr. Haldane."

"That's what he appears to be, and it makes the stone all the bigger and harder. They're as thick as ——" She did not put the last word to the common saying, not liking to apply it to Miss Haldane's father, though I doubt whether she would have had the same scruple with respect to Mr. Redwood.

"Rachel," I said, "I think it is a good thing we are having this conversation; no harm can come of it, and some good might. Do you mean to tell me that Mr. Redwood wants to marry your mistress?"

"He has proposed to her," said Rachel.

"And she has refused him?"

"Yes."

"How does he take her refusal?"

"Laughs at it, won't accept it seriously, says she cannot know her own mind, and that he will go on loving and loving her."

"What does her father say?"

"He backs Mr. Redwood up. Of course you know, Mr. Millington, my young lady doesn't tell me everything that passes between her father and her."

"I should think, my dear, she tells you very little; but you've got a head on your shoulders."

"I have to guess the best part. He talks to her in his study, with nobody else by, and when she comes out I see by her eyes that she's been crying. Mr. Millington, the other day I saw Mr. Redwood crossing the bridge over the lake to Chudleigh Woods, and said I to myself, 'If he'd only fall in, and be drowned!' I did; I can be very wicked when I'm thoroughly worked up."

I thought of the scene on the bridge with Honoria and of her interview with Mr. Louis Redwood, at which I had been present, an unseen witness.

"I'll not admit that, my dear," I said. "Instead of 'wicked' 'staunch and loyal.'"

"Thank you, Mr. Millington. The trouble is, to be staunch and loyal when you're being pulled two opposite ways at once. I did wish that Mr. Redwood would tumble into the lake, I did indeed. It's that deep, and that tangled with lily roots, that it wouldn't have been easy for him to get out."

"Mr. Haldane and he being so thick together, it's likely that they often meet in London."

"From what my young lady lets fall I should say they do. What do you think I've heard whispered about, Mr. Millington —not from my young lady, but other people?"

"Tell me, Rachel."

"That Mr. Redwood is almost as much master here as Mr. Haldane himself. Mr. Redwood is enormously rich; they say he's got millions and millions. When he was quite a child, the story goes, a very, very large fortune was left to him, and he wasn't to have it till twenty-one years of age. All the time he was growing up the fortune kept growing up, so that in the end it became something wonderful. I've heard that he could spend a thousand pounds a week, and not feel it. It's a pity his money didn't fall to a better man."

"It is. The whisper that's about, that he's almost as much master here as Mr. Haldane, is caused, I should say—supposing there be any foundation for it—by Mr. Haldane borrowing money of him."

"That's what I've heard. Large sums of money."

"Which indicates that Mr. Haldane is pressed for it. There are mortgages, perhaps. All this is very serious, Rachel; it doesn't make the road smoother for your mistress. Will she give way eventually? Will her father persuade her to marry Mr. Redwood?"

"Never, Mr. Millington, never, though there wasn't another man in all the wide world. She doesn't dare to say so, but she hates the very sight of him."

"Still, with her father on his side, urging her ——"

"No, Mr. Millington, no. She's quiet, and gentle, and has the temper of an angel, but she can be firm as a rock. She'll be true to her lover though they may never come together; her father and Mr. Redwood may break her heart between them, but they won't persuade her to marry a man she doesn't love."

"It's often done, Rachel," said I ruefully, for George's hopes were becoming more and more difficult of realisation.

"I believe it is, but my young lady's not one of that sort."

"I will put a case before you, my dear. Matters being in the position you have described, two things occur which have not been introduced. The first is, that the true lover across the seas continues to be so unfortunate that there is very little hope of his being able to come home and marry."

The second is, that the father tells his daughter that he is in the power of a false lover, and that if she does not consent to marry him he will be ruined. What then?"

"I don't know what then," said Rachel pettishly. "Mr. Millington, you can say dreadful things!"

"My dear," I said soothingly, "I am only considering the subject from all points of view, as a man of age and experience, and the father of a young man like George—whose happiness is at stake as well, remember—is bound to do. You are mistaken if you think I was drawing upon my imagination in putting the case to you. It has happened again and again."

"It won't happen with my young lady," said Rachel, resolutely, "if I can prevent it."

"You wouldn't give way?"

"I'd be chopped into little bits first. Mr. Millington, you paid me a compliment by saying that I had a head on my shoulders."

"You deserved it, my dear."

"I'm not the only one. You've got a head on yours; I've found that out. When you were with my young lady you must have noticed that she wasn't as bright as usual."

"Yes, I noticed it."

"You left her a bit brighter because of something you told her about that Honoria."

"Did Miss Haldane tell you, then?"

"She told me nothing," replied this very sagacious young maid; "she knows I don't care for Honoria, and she won't make it worse against a young woman who's—well, never mind what she is. I don't need to be told everything; if I did, what would be the good of the head on my shoulders you think so highly of? I saw what I saw, and I judged accordingly. But there was a reason for my young lady not being bright and happy when you first saw her, and Honoria wasn't that reason."

"What was, Rachel?"

"Before her father went to London this last time he and my lady were together in his study a good hour. A bad hour I ought to call it, because all that day she never opened her lips to me. That didn't prevent me knowing what he'd been talking to her about; and when Mr. Redwood, who went to London with Mr. Haldane, said goodbye to my young lady, with his false voice and cold eyes, that can be as cold and cruel as voice and eyes can be, I'd have liked to poison him. That's the reason of her being unhappy. Every morning there comes from London baskets of the loveliest flowers that Mr. Redwood sends to her. They must cost a mint of money; but what's the use of 'em to a lady who doesn't love him, and who's got more flowers growing here all around her than she knows what to do with? She hardly looks at his hateful presents, and when I take and put them out of sight she never as much as asks what I've done with them. Do you call that love, on his side or hers? He only sends the flowers to show that he's got a power over her through her father, and I hate him, and hate him, and hate him!"

She stamped her foot, and I could not but admire her for her loyalty, though it stood in the way of her own happiness.

"If George saw me like this," she said, presently, with a little uncomfortable laugh, "he'd think I've got a nice temper of my own. I can't help it. Right's right, and wrong's wrong."

I turned the subject by saying, "It's a pity Miss Haldane hasn't a mother living whose influence, used on her daughter's side, would be likely to turn the scale in her favour."

"It is a pity," assented Rachel.

"Does Miss Haldane ever speak of her mother?" I asked.

"Never."

"Is there a portrait of the lady in the Hall?"

"If there is," said Rachel, "I've not seen it."

"How long have you been in Miss Haldane's service?"

"Nine years."

"That was long after Mrs. Haldane's death?"

"It must have been. I've never heard her spoken of by anybody."

It was clear that Rachel could give me no satisfactory information upon an important branch of the tangled story. Recognizing this, I began to speak of other things, and was pleased to see the vexed and anxious look fade out of her eyes before I left her for the night. The landlord of the Brindled Cow kept out of my way by his careful wife, who must have had some suspicion that he had been too free with his tongue. Smoking my pipe I strolled along the quiet, narrow street of the village, reflecting upon the position of affairs. I had gained an insight into certain matters which had an important bearing upon the story of love and intrigue, but the longer I thought of it the more satisfied was I that I was wise in throwing up my share in it. Only one consideration would have induced me to act otherwise, and that was that I might be able to serve George in his courtship of pretty Rachel Diprose. But I did not see my way to this, and it was with an unquiet mind I sought my pillow, and strove to believe that things would come right in the end with him and Rachel and Miss Haldane.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Last British Wolf.

The wolf is a very hard animal to exterminate. It is practically absent from the Eastern United States but stray individuals are still found in the mountains even there, and probably will be found for centuries to come. There are wolves in every great country of the continent of Europe, after many centuries of civilization. In France several hundred are killed every year. In Great Britain, however, there are no wolves. Tradition records that the last one was killed in the year 1700, and the story of how it was done has been told by many a fireside.

It was in Sutherlandshire, Scotland, that the scene of the little story is laid. A shepherd, named Polson, had discovered in the rocks near Fleuloch the den of a wolf which had been ravaging the country.

Polson had with him his son and another young shepherd-boy. The mouth of the den was very narrow. Discovering from certain signs that the old wolf was not at home, and being himself too large to enter the den, Polson sent the two boys in to see if there were any young wolves.

The boys crept in, and presently discovered a bed in which five lusty young wolves were lying.

They called out: "Father! Father! We've found the little wolves!"

"Then choke 'em, quick!" Polson shouted into the hole.

The boys began to beat the young wolves with their sticks, whereupon the little animals set up a terrible yelping, which could be heard outside the den.

Suddenly the she-wolf jumped out of a bush close by and rushed past the shepherd and into the narrow hole that led to her nest.

She leaped so quickly that Polson could not stop her until she had got partly into the hole; but he managed to seize her by the tail.

"Father! Father!" the boy called out from within; "what is it that stops the light?"

"You'll find out," exclaimed Polson, "if the tail breaks!"

He held manfully to the she-wolf's tail, his feet braced against the entrance to the cave. The young wolves yelped, the she-wolf struggled. It was a terrific struggle, with the she-wolf's mother-love pitted against the man's father-love.

Presently the shepherd, bracing himself anew, managed to whip out his hunting-knife, and stabbed the wolf repeatedly in the haunches and sides. She could not turn about, and the man had the advantage as long as he could cling to her tail.

She sank down dead at last, and as the boys had already succeeded in killing the little wolves, she was the last she-wolf on British soil.

One on Bishop Doane.

It is told of Bishop Doane, of Albany, that while dining recently at the house of his friends he was pleased to observe that he was the object of marked attention from the small son of his host, whose eyes were riveted upon him. After dinner the Bishop approached the boy and said:

"Well, my young friend, you seem to be interested in me. Do you find that I am all right?"

"Yes, sir," returned the boy, with a glance at the Bishop's knee breeches, "you're all right; but, say, won't your mamma let you wear pants yet?"

Twice a Child.

I.

It is many and many a year since then—
My sight is dim, and my hair is gray;
But I shut my eyes and I'm back again,
With the children down by the brook at play.

I can see the mill dam, black and wet,
With the trickling water dripping slow;
The heavy beams where the gate is set,
The shelving slippery rocks below.

I climb the bank though the alder screen,
And look far down where the pool lies still;
And I watch how swiftly the stones between
Glides out of its depths the noiseless rill.

From the dusky shade to the open sun,
Babbling and sparkling I see it go;
And in widening circles its ripples run
Shallow and clear to the pool below.

There's a hollow stump on the farther side—
Its twisted roots overlap the stream;
Between them I see the troubling glide,
And the silvery minnows darting gleam.

Stores of playthings the brook-sides hold—
Flag-leaves like lances long and bright;
Stones that glitter like yellow gold,
Tinted clam shells, and pebbles white.

Crickets chirp in the sand all day;
Close in the hazel the locust sings,
And the sunny air is astir alway
With the glowing of gauzy insect wings.

II.

The sun was hot on the school house hill,
It lay all day on the sanded floor;
When it slanted over the entry sill,
Hurrah for the rush through the open door!

We crept through the bars from the dusty street,
We climbed the gap in the pasture wall,
And down to the brook sped the little feet,
Brothers and sisters, playmates all.

Little Joe with the roguish eye,
Toddling barefoot in sun and rain—
Margaret and Susan, Sarah and I,
Andrew and Edward, George and Jane.

To and fro by the waters' side—
Printing our feet in the hard wet sand,
Ships we sailed on the flowing tide,
Dams we builded and cities planned.

Betimes we frolicked in wild delight;
Spattered, and splashed, and screamed in glee;
Then all a wetted and sobered quite,
Crept up on the rock where the mosses be;

With our upturned faces watching still,
The soft white clouds where they hung on high;
Longing and wishing as children will,
We might touch the edge as they floated by!

III.

Was it fifty years ago? Ah, me!
How like to a dream our life doth roll on!
The brook still flows in its channel free
But the children—where have the children gone?

Like the specks of foam on the fretted stream
They floated off, as the day went by;
Some sailing afar by shore unseen,
Some in the eddies stranded high.

In a country graveyard, brier o'ergrown,
There's a sunken mound mid the tangled weeds;
Who bends full low to the slanting stone,
Neath a broken cherub, "Margaret" reads.

One Susan sleeps in the greenwood shade
Neath a stately marble, carven fair;
While many by the moaning sea is laid,
Nor turf, nor headstone to tell us where.

One, in his manhood's busiest prime,
Like a to I-worn sleeper sank to rest;
One has a grave in a foreign clime,
One lies low on the ocean's breast.

Little Joe with the roguish eyes!
Joe was a soldier brave and tall;
But we seek in vain on what field he lies—
Joe was "missing"—and that was all!

So one by one they have passed away—
One by one as the years have flown;
Till of all the group by the brook at play,
Sarah and I, are left alone.

—E. W. M.

What Shall I Do With My Hands?

My little boy sat on the carpet one day,
His pretty dark eyes bright with fun,
With my work-box and work he was busy at play,
And with all he could lay his hands on.

I chided him gently for tangling my skeins,
And he quickly obeyed my commands,
Then softly he asked, as his tears he restrains,
"Mamma, what shall I do with my hands?"

Years have passed; and my boy into manhood has grown,
I have watched, as his nimble hands move,
What a talent for skill and invention he's shown,
And I've guided his efforts with love.

As a noted inventor he has won wealth and fame;
Near the top of the ladder he stands;
But often I think of the time that he came,
Asking—"What shall I do with my hands?"

Ah! Mothers, be choice of the words that you speak,
To each mischievous, fun-loving child!
Remember the hands that are childish and weak
May be with wrong pastimes beguiled.

Remember the charge that the Master has placed,
In training them as He commands;
As you shape their young lives, let the answer be traced,
Of—"What shall I do with my hands?"

A Lesson of Life.

A long day's journey there lay before;
I crossed the meadow at breaking morn;
I saw the road wind by hill and moor—
Beyond the hills was my distant bourne.

I thought of the greeting I should win—
What was it moaned at my feet, mean while?
Appor old terrier, lame an I thin:
I stooped, and helped him over the stile.

Then would have crossed; but a dreary yelp
Arrested me, and I turned, to view
A limping poodle whose need of help
Was manifest: and I helped him too.

Of every nation and tribe are they,
And each has a fresh roisitless wife;
Each says in his own peculiar way:
"Just help a lame dog over the stile!"

They're greyhound, Skye, Pomeranian;
They limp along in an endless file;
They're smooth or curly, they're black and tan,
They all are lame and would cross the stile.

The shadows deepen o'er hill and glen,
Dim is my pathway of many a mile—
Yet will I renew my journey when
The last lame dog is over the stile.

Poems Unwritten.

There are poems unwritten, and songs unsung,
Sweeter than any that ever were heard—
Poems that wait for an angel tongue—
Songs that but long for a Paradise bird.

Poems that ripple through lowliest lives—
Poems unnoted and hidden away
Down in the souls where the beautiful thrives,
Sweetly as flowers in the airs of the May.

Poems that only the angels above us,
Looking down deep in our hearts may behold—
Fair, though unseen, by the beings who love us
Written on lives as in letters of gold.

Geography of These Modern Days.

Of what is the surface of the earth composed?

Of corner lots, mighty poor roads, railroad tracks, baseball grounds and agricultural shows.

What portion of the globe is water?

About three-fourths. Sometimes they add a little gin and nutmeg to it.

What is a town?

A town is a considerable collection of houses and inhabitants, with four or five men who "run the party" and lend money on fifteen per cent. interest.

What is a city?

A city is an incorporated town, with a Mayor who believes the whole world shakes when he happens to fall flat on a cross walk.

What is commerce?

Borrowing $5 for a day or two and dodging the lender for a year or two.

Name the different races.

Horse race, boat race, bicycle race and racing around to find a man to indorse your note.

Into how many classes is mankind divided?

Five being enlightened, civilized, half civilized, savage, too utter, and dudes.

What nations are called enlightened?

Those which have the most wars, the worst laws and produce the most criminals.

How many motions has the earth?

That's according to how you mix your drinks and which way you go home.

What causes day and night?

Day is caused by night getting tired out. Night is caused by everybody going home to supper.

What is a mariner's compass?

A jug holding four gallons.

FALL FUN.

A hearty fellow—Cupid.

A man's sins are his creditors, and like them they are sure to find him out.

A flirtation is a smile to-day, a cry to-morrow and a blush every day thereafter.

When they say the bride's costume was a dream do they mean to imply that it was an illusion?

Quidnune—"What do they mean by the lay of the land?" Wagg—"Why, egg plant, of course,"

A Western man says this is a "tough world," and it is his opinion that very few who are in it will ever get out alive.

Carruthers—"Of what use is a family tree anyhow?" Waite—"Why, to cast one's neighbors into the shade, of course."

Teacher—"In the sentence, 'The sick boy loves his medicine,' what part of speech is 'loves'?" Johnny—"It's a lie, mum."

"Are the Chickweed girls in society?" "Um—yes, they're in society, but they're not really fashionable. They are too red and healthy."

Robby—"How did the Sphinx get the credit for being so wise, papa?" Mr. Norris—"By keeping its mouth shut for three thousand years."

Scientific.—Wenderby—"Water, my boy, always finds its level." Deems—"Yes, but beer doesn't keep its level when you are around."

Teacher—"What is the Island of Java noted for?" Bright Boy (son of a grocer)—"It's noted for the coffee that used to come from there."

Wife—"Charlie, why is that train called the 'limited?'" Husband—"Because poker is about the only game that the passengers play."

She (suggestively)—"They say the little birds have mated before this." He—"Yes; but, bless you, think how few expenses they have!"

Bort—"Do you believe that a house can be haunted?" Hort—"Of course. Why, my house is so haunted by a tailor that I don't like to go there at all."

He (persuasively over the area gate)—"Come along out for a midnight shtroll wid me, Biddy. We don't be afther havin' a night loike this every day."

"And if I should die, Ernest, would you come and sit by my grave?" asked Mrs. Wedayear, who was poorly. "Oh, gladly, gladly!" was her husband's reply.

"What makes your chicky hold up its head in that funny way when it drinks?" asked wee Tommy. "Sh!" whispered little Clara, "Chickey is returning thanks."

Gayman—"This is a great day with us at home. My daughter 'comes out' to-night." Dumley—"Don't say! So does my brother. He's been in for seven years."

School Teacher—"Now, Bobby, spell 'needle.' Bobby—"N-e-e-d-d-l-e." Teacher—"Wrong. There's no i in needle." Bobby—"Well, 'tain't a good needle, then."

"Two hearts that beat as one—
A heavy step—a scare—
And when her pa arrived.
One heart alone was there."

"What do you think of this 'gold cure' for drunkenness?" "It may be all right, but gold would never cure me. There is nothing sobers me up so quick as being dead broke."

A young gentleman wishes to know which is proper to say on leaving a young lady friend after a late call—good night or good evening? Never tell a lie, young man, say good morning.

Mrs. Topwigs—"Has your husband sent you home any fish from the mountains?" Mrs. Brownstone—"Yes; he has just sent home a lot labeled cod (C. O. D.), and I did so want trout."

He—"What allowance do you think your father ought to make us when we are married?" She—"Well, if he makes allowance for your faults I think he will be doing all that is expected of him."

"And you rejected him?" "I did." "He has the reputation of being a large-hearted man." "That's the trouble with him; he is too large-hearted. He can love half a dozen women at the same time."

Johnny—"Clara became old almost in a moment the other night." Mary—"Nonsense!" Johnny—"Not at all. She was sitting in the parlor with her young man, when her father entered. Her youth departed immediately.

Teacher (who has had to tell Johnny nearly all of his lessons)—"What did I tell you a shepherd is?" Johnny—"One who tends to sheep." Teacher—"Correct. Now, see if you can tell me what a coward is." Johnny (hopefully)—"One who tends to cows."

Mistress (a widow)—"Well, Johnson, I'm sorry you're going to leave us, but you're very fortunate in having this money left you." (Pleasantly)—"I suppose you'll be looking for a wife now?" Johnson (the butler)—"Well, really, ma'am, I feel very much honored by what you propose, but really, I'm engaged to a young woman already."

Russia's and China's Great Bell-Casters

The Russians and the Chinese are behind the rest of the civilized world in many things, but bell founding is not among the number, for the bells manufactured by both nations are not only the largest, but among the best of those made by any nation. It is said that before the great fire by which Napoleon was driven out of Moscow there were in the churches of that city 1,706 bells each of which exceeded 15,000 pounds in weight. The capital of China, Pekin, is according to Father Le Compte, not far behind as in its temples there are seven bells, each exceeding 120,000 pounds, and a great number of less size. The giant bell of the world is in Moscow it is poetically denominated the King of Bells, and is 19 feet and 3 inches high, and its circumference round the rim is 60 feet and 9 inches. Its weight can, of course, only be estimated, but, by the least calculation, it is 443,772 pounds, and its value as old metal exceeds $360,000, not considering the gold and silver, of which there is a considerable quantity, which enter into its composition. This bell, when rung required forty men to ring it, the clapper being swung by means of two long ropes, with twenty men at each. The great bell at St. Ivan's, in Moscow, is forty feet and nine inches in circumference, its thickness just above the rim is sixteen inches, and its weight is computed at 127,830 pounds The bells of Pekin have been mentioned, but next to them is the great bell of Vienna, which weighs 40,200 pounds. After these are many smaller, yet of considerable size. A bell of Olmutz, Bohemia, and a bell in Rouen, France, are about equal in size to the Vienna bell; the bell of St. Paul's, London, weighs 88,470 pounds; the bell of Westminster, 30,550; that of St. Peter's in Rome, 18,000. Several of these bells are rung only on very important occasions. The St. Paul bell, the Vienna bell and the bell of St. Ivan's are tolled only at the death of royalty; the bell of St. Peter's tolls at the death of a Pope.

Rather Ambiguous.

"This little dog of mine is the cunningest thing," said Ethel to her beau; "why, do you know, he actually tries to sing."

"He does?"

"Yes; every time I play the piano he howls."

"He is a cunning dog. I feel just the same way when you play."

A Useful Accomplishment.

Father—"Johnny, there's a button off your coat. Go up stairs and sew it on."

Little Johnny (in surprise)—"Mother will sew it on."

Father—"I know she will, but I want you to learn to sew on buttons yourself."

Johnny (amazed)—"Why?"

Father (solemnly)—"Some day, Johnny, when you grow up you won't have any mother—nothing but a wife."

THE TROUBLES OF AN INVENTOR.

How the First Manufacturer of Melinite Was Cheated Out of His Work.

At the close of the year 1883 it was announced in French newspapers that a new explosive had been invented, compared to which dynamite and nitro-glycerine were as playthings. The name of this new article was melinite, and the inventor was a M. Turpin, a French chemist.

Army engineers tested it and found it "altogether satisfactory. A shell which was fired into an old condemned fort near Paris blew the whole structure to atoms; not a stone or a handful of earth was left in its place. In exploding, the melinite resolved itself into such powerful gases that nothing could withstand its destructive force. The invention meant a revolution in warfare; even the best modern works of defense were now rendered quite useless.

The inventor received the due amount of praise. His explosive was called boulangite, in honor of the then popular Minister of War, and the French Government promised to buy his invention.

But Boulanger fell, and his successor, M. Campenon, seemed to have forgotten both Turpin and the melinite, as it again was called.

Patriotism is a very noble quality but the best patriot must have money, and M. Turpin concluded to sell his invention to some other government, or to some gun manufacturer.

He thought of the Armstrongs, in England, who are the most extensive manufacturers in their line, next to Krupp, in Essen, and he addressed himself to M. Triponnet, their agent in Paris. Triponnet advised him to go to their works at Newcastle, which Monsieur Turpin did.

His astonishment may be imagined when he upon his arrival found that his invention was already known in England. The Armstrongs had a complete knowledge of the relative quantity of the component parts of the melinite as well as of all other secrets connected with its manufacture, and the firm had called him only to obtain his personal affirmation of the correctness of the process, and the genuineness of the article, for which they offered him 750,000 francs. This proposition M. Turpin rejected and went back to Paris in a rage.

Here he very soon learned how the English firm had come into possession of his secret. Their agent in Paris had simply had his father-in-law steal the necessary document from the archives of the war department.

M. Turpin now made formal complaint to the government, and a committee of investigation was appointed. The chairman was an army officer who had assisted Triponnet's father-in-law in the theft, and the investigation ended in smoke, of course.

After four years of waiting, and futile agitation, M. Turpin has now finally taken the bull by the horns and published a pamphlet in which he gives a complete account of the case and the treatment he has suffered. The publication of several of the documents and facts contained in this pamphlet was very annoying to the government, and the unsold balance of the edition was recently confiscated by order of the War Department. At the same time Triponnet and Turpin were both arrested. Triponnet's father-in-law, the actual thief, had already "evaporated."

Formation of an Ocean Liner's Crew.

The average Atlantic steamer is manned by about 150 men, as follows:—32 deck hands, 4 officers, 9 petty officers, 32 firemen, &c., 8 engineers, 6 stewards. The master and chief officials—that is, mates and engineers, while the remainder of the crew are chosen by the captain. First-class ships muster from 12 to 15 men in each watch, and all of these are shipped as seamen. Of course the majority are so only in name, though there is always a definite number of sailors among them. Indeed, to fly the blue flag, at least ten of the crew, in addition to the captain, must be enrolled in the Naval Reserve, and to be an A.B., one must hand, reef, and steer deftly. These are the people who in port stand by the ship; that is, those who take, as required by law, their discharges in Liverpool on the return voyage and continue to work on board at first 1 wages per day while the ship refits and loads. All hands, from the skipper to the scullion's mate, must ship at the beginning of each run—must sign articles, as it is called, before a Board of Trade shipping master. As the law has always regarded Jack as especially in need of its protection, because he is particularly exposed to the wiles of sharpers, great stress is laid in these articles upon his treatment, and therefore they exhibit in detail the character of the voyage, the wages, the quantity and quality of the food, and a dozen other particulars which evidence the safeguards thrown around them by the Government.

Satisfied With Less.

The old story of the man who saw a thousand squirrels, and then acknowledged that he was all beat sure he did see one, has many an every-day parallel. One such instance of "tapering off" may be found in the little book entitled, "How I Spent My Summer Holidays."

One day, when we were travelling by steamboat on the River Elbe, my father sat down on a large wooden chest; but he had not occupied this post long, before he found that a quantity of yellow stuff was oozing out below on the deck. He had been sitting on a box of eggs.

Beating a hasty retreat to the extreme end of the boat, he began to admire the scenery, when an old woman, the owner of the eggs, found him out, and insisted on his purchasing the whole case. My father apologized, but explained that as we should only stop one night in Dresden, it would be impossible for him to make use of fifteen hundred eggs. The old woman was irate, and we uncomfortable; but presently the captain appeared, saying, politely:

"I think you were sitting on that box of eggs."

"Yes."

"I fear that some of the eggs, by accident, were broken."

"Possibly."

"I fear the owner has suffered loss."

"Possibly."

"Would it not be possible to satisfy her?"

"I could hardly pay for fifteen hundred eggs."

"Oh, by no means. She would never expect that."

"Then how much would satisfy her?"

"Would one mark (twenty-five cents) be considered too much?"

One mark was accordingly offered the old woman, and accepted with profuse protestations of gratitude.

The Washerwoman's Revenge.

Mr. De Sharp (anxiously)—"I inadvertently sent my cuff buttons to the wash last week. Did you find them?"

Washerwoman—"Sure, Oi saw a couple in th' tub, but I had no time to be washin' around for brass cuff buttons, an' Oi t'row them away.

Mr. De Sharp (in horrified accents)—"Threw them away! Those buttons were pure gold."

Washerwoman—"Moy! moy! That's too bad. Oi niver thought a young man wot was always beatin' down a poor washerwoman's prices cud afford to wear goold."

A Whimsical Woman.

Housekeeper—"How long did you remain in your last place?"

Applicant—"Sure I left in wan day. There was no plazin' the leddy at all at all."

"Whimsical, was she?"

"Indade she was that. The first night she complained because I boiled the tay, an' th' very next morning she complained because I did not boil the coffee. Thin I left."

LATE BRITISH NEWS.

Seven Men Killed at a Fire.

A SOLDIER COMMITS SUICIDE.

Remarkable Insurance Cases.

The damage done by the mill fire at Tyldesley on Saturday is estimated at £40,000. Seven or eight men were injured by the falling *débris*.

Mr. Samuel Taylor, innkeeper, of Bewdley, died on Saturday from injuries received at Bewdley Railway Station in trying to save a friend who was in danger of falling under the train.

A young woman named Murphy has died at the South Infirmary, Cork, from the effects of a fall on Friday, when a large dagger hair-pin entered her brain.

At Clerkenwell, on Saturday, William Gerrard, 70, a Holloway tradesman, was remanded charged with shooting his son, Thomas, 43, during a quarrel. The son is in a precarious condition.

At the Spalding Police Court on Tuesday, Robert Wellsourse, living near Spalding, was sent to prison for ten days, for striking his wife. The prisoner stole some trifles belonging to his wife with whom he had not been living for some years.

Three men were drowned on the Humber, off Hull on Tuesday by the capsizing of a small-boat. Five men were conveying a chain cable ashore from a Hull and Barnsley dredger, at the mouth of Alexandra Dock, when the boat upset. Two men were rescued, but the remainder were lost.

A singular suicide was reported to the Chatham Coroner on Monday. Corporal Macdonald, of the Garrison Police, walked into the military bathhouses, had himself in a bath, placed a revolver muzzle in his mouth and shot himself dead. It is alleged that his sweetheart had jilted him.

There died in Ladywood Alms Houses, Birmingham, on Wednesday, Mrs. Starling, who was believed to be the oldest white woman in the world. She was aged 105 years. When Napoleon returned to France from Elba, Mrs. Starling was among the refugees to England, being a lady's maid in France at the time.

A whale was caught at the mouth of the River Welland, at Fosdkye, Lincoln, and brought to Spalding. It was a good specimen of a young sperm whale. It is 15 feet long, and weighs half a ton. Upon being sighted near to Fosdkye, an attempt was made to secure it with ropes, but it broke away, and was afterwards shot.

Smallpox in Leeds shows no sign of decreasing—in fact, appearances point in the opposite direction. There have been many new cases lately, and three were admitted to the hospital on Monday. One of these came from Hea lingley, a fashionable suburb, hitherto free from the infection. The new sanitarium is approaching completion.

A startling incident occurred in St. Timothy's Church, Liverpool, on Sunday night. During service, Miss Ellen Hall, a member of the congregation, was seized with sudden faintness. The service was stopped and the lady removed to the vestry, and a doctor sent for, who pronounced life extinct. The shocking event caused a great sensation among the congregation.

A murderous attack was made on Constable Wylie, of Birkenhead police, on Saturday night, by a woman named Elizabeth Farmstone, who rushed at him

Home & Gossip.

Little Local Links in the Town's Chain of History.

QU'APPELLE.

—There was skating on the reservoir on Monday.

—Miss Kidd and sister, daughters of Mr. Hugh Kidd, left for an extended visit to Ireland on Monday last.

—Mrs. Axford and family, who have been visiting in Killarney for the past few weeks, have returned home.

—The Supreme Court opens this week at Whitewood, when Westerlund will be tried for the killing of his child.

—Miss Lizzie Gibson and her mother arrived from Goderich, Ont., on Friday morning, and will remain in town for some time.

—Mr. Gaitskill, who is one of our neighbouring settlers, started for England on Saturday. He expects to return in the spring.

—A special sitting of the Supreme Court will be held at Saltcoats on Tuesday, Nov. 13th, the Hon. Mr. Justice Wetmore presiding.

—Mr. A. D. Stewart, of Springbrook, is opposing Mr. W. Sutherland as a candidate for the North-West Assembly in the North Qu'Appelle district.

—Rev. Father Hugonnard, Principal of the Industrial School, Fort Qu'Appelle, intends starting a brass band at the school. The idea is a good one, and we hope will prove successful.

—Read Mr. W. L. Clark's advertisement of cheap stoves in another column. He guarantees that his stoves can be put up without any bad language where the patent stove pipes are used.

—On Thanksgiving Day (Thursday, 12th inst.) there will be service in the Presbyterian church at 2 p.m.; after which a meeting of the congregation will be held for important business. All are requested to attend. Service on Sabbath first at 2.30 and 7 p.m.

—The flouring mill starts to-day, and farmers will henceforth be relieved of the necessity of going long distances to get gristing done. We hail the opening of this mill as a sure indication of better times, and increased business for the town as well as a great accommodation and advantage to the farmers.

—On Saturday evening an adjourned meeting of the Heather Curling Club was held at the Leland when the following skips were appointed: Messrs R. Johnston, S. R. Edwards, James Scott, J. P. Beauchamp, J. H. McCaul, S. H. Caswell, J. Love. The fee for the season was raised from seven to ten dollars.

—Mr. H. A. Axford, who has filled the responsible position of general agent in the Territories for the Massey Manufacturing Company, for several years past, has been appointed to the same position under the lately amalgamated firms, Massey and Harris. Mr. Axford's head quarters will be Qu'Appelle, and he will operate from Prince Albert to Moosomin. We congratulate him on his appointment.

—According to the North-West Territories Gazette, the Governor General has set apart Thursday, the 12th inst., as a day of general thanksgiving for the bountiful harvest with which the Dominion has been blessed this year, and all pastors, with their people and the inhabitants generally of the North-West Territories, are called upon to respond to this invitation, and observe the day as one of general thanksgiving.

BIRTH.

BROLEY—On the 1st inst., the wife of Walker Broley, of a son (still born).

LONDON, Oct. 29.—Great disappointment is expressed by Canadians in England that the postal authorities have failed to make the necessary arrangements for a first class mail service between the Dominion and Great Britain. The last sailing under the present postal service between England and Canada occurs to-day.

QU'APPELLE MARKETS.

Beef, live	3c.
Beef, dressed	6c.
Beef, cut	7 to 12½c.
Mutton	10c.
Pork	8c.
Lamb	12½c.
Chicken, per lb	10c.
Geese	12½c.
Turkey	15c.
Fish, white	6c.
B. C. Salmon	18c.
Potatoes, per bush	25c.
Cabbage	8c.
Eggs, per doz	20c.
Butter	20c.
Wood, per load	$2.00 to $2.50.
Hay, per ton	$5.00.

SHOULD BE LOOSENED.

A cough should be loosened at once and all irritation allayed. To do this nothing excels Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. Obstinate coughs yield at once to its expectorant, soothing and healing properties, which loosen phlegm and allay irritation.

LORLIE.

Winter is at our doors.

Mr. Groves, of Beever Hills, passed through town on his way to Pheasant Forks.

The hum of the steam thresher is once more to be heard.

The Rev. Mr. Harris, of Regina, was in town last week on his way to Balcarres.

WHITEWOOD.

Mr. W. G. Bell, Grand Master of A. F. and A. M., G. R. M., is here, and visited this lodge on Tuesday night.

The Hudson's Bay Company have bought the stock of Higginbotham & McCauley, and are opening out a large store here. Mr. Hart will be in charge. Mr. A. McDonald, of Fort Qu'Appelle, is here making the arrangements.

A sitting of the Supreme Court opened here on the 2nd inst., Hon. Mr. Justice Wetmore presiding. Prisoner Westerland, in charge of Sheriff Murphy and police escort, arrived here on Tuesday morning from Regina, to stand his trial for the murder of his three-year-old son. W. White, Q.C., appeared for the Crown, and D. L. Scott, Q.C., represented the prisoner. The jury returned a verdict of "not guilty" on the ground of insanity.

WIDE AWAKE.

The weather looks more like winter.

The School Inspector, Mr. Rothwell, visited our school on Monday, October 26th.

Mr. G. S. Davidson and Mr. G. V. Bulyea, candidates for the Legislative Assembly, addressed a meeting in the schoolhouse, on Monday evening, the 26th.

Miss Henrietta Smith is visiting for a short time with her sister, Mrs. Thomas Palister, at the P. M. Colony.

Mr. E. Gaitskill, who has been with Mr. Wm. Broley during harvest, intends starting for England in a few days.

On Wednesday, October 28th, at the residence of the bride's mother, Mr. William Ford was united in the bonds of matrimony with Miss Maggie Jackson, youngest daughter of Mrs. J. Jackson. The bride was attired in a pretty pearl grey satin dress, and was attended by Miss F. Broley, who wore a dress of lavender cashmere, trimmed with white lace. Mr. I. J. Jackson, brother of the bride, sustained the bridegroom. The wedding was a quiet one, only a few of the most intimate friends being present. The Rev. A. Whiteside, of Fort Qu'Appelle, was the officiating minister. After the marriage ceremony, the party partook of tea, on the termination of which a short time was spent in music and singing, and the party separated, the newly married pair going direct to their new home. The bride received many pretty presents.

TEACHERS IN CONVENTION.

A convention of teachers of the Central Assiniboia and Regina District Teachers' Associations opened at Qu'Appelle on Thursday last. There was a good gathering of teachers of both sexes when the proceedings were opened by Mr. D. S. McCannel, President of the Central Assiniboia Association. Mr. F. G. Marwood read the minutes of the last convention at Wolseley, after Mr. R. F. Chisholm had given an outline of the Regina convention, and Mr. T. T. Grimmett referred to the services rendered by Mr. McCannel in arranging for the convention. The programme gone through on both days was of a most interesting character, and included some valuable papers, which we will refer to in another issue.

The event which attracted the largest gathering of teachers and townspeople took place in the Immigration Building on Thursday evening. The committee of ladies and gentlemen appointed to carry out the arrangements had done their work admirably, and they could not but feel satisfaction at the success which attended their efforts. The room had been made as attractive as possible. The stage was replete with appropriate drapings, floral decorations, footlights, etc., and round the room hung a number of pictures which had the effect of taking away the bareness of the walls. Before proceedings were commenced, the room was filled to overflowing, so far as sitting accommodation was concerned, many who arrived late having to stand, although preparation had been made for the reception of a large company. Mr. D. S. McCannel occupied the chair, and at the outset explained the nature of the gathering, which was a reception of the teachers who had come to attend the union meeting of the "Central Assiniboia" and "Regina District" Teacher's Association. The following programme was gone through:—

Pianoforte solo—Mr. J. J. Young (Regina). Quartette—Mrs. Bulyea, Miss McFarlane, Messrs. Jagger and Feasant. Recitation—Miss Lillie Talbot. Solo—Miss Annie Boyce. Dialogue (in character)—Misses Jane McLane and Mary Talbot. Song—Misses F. Gibson, G. Dale and A. Henley. Recitation—Master John McKay. Duet—Mrs. Fraser and Mr. F. Feasant. Song—Misses. Lillie and Edith Wismer. Recitation — Mr. Skinner. Song—Mrs. Hill. Speech—Miss Booth. Song—Mr. L. Strong. Duet—Miss Boyce and Miss A. Boyce. Instrumental Selection — Misses Skinner and Mr. Westaway. Recitation — Mr. Ferguson. Quartette—Mrs. Bulyea, Miss McFarlane, Messrs. Jagger and Feasant. Instrumental Selection — Messrs. Jagger and Westaway.

It will be seen from the programme that many took part whose names are familar and abilities well known as performers at our various entertainments, and if we are to take the demonstrations of the audience as candid expressions of approbation, those who have not been so frequently seen on the public platform will not be discouraged at their efforts to entertain. It is needless, therefore, to go through the numerous items seriatim, or attempt to criticise their merits. The accompanists were Mrs. Bulyea, Miss Boyce, and Miss Dale. Several of the performers were encored and in most instances they complied with the requests of the audience. At the conclusion of the last piece on the programme, Inspector Rothwell (Regina), on behalf of the visitors, spoke to the pleasure afforded them in the entertainment provided by the people of Qu'Appelle and he wished specially to mention the ladies who had taken such an active part in the arrangements. Mr. Rothwell's remarks were endorsed by other visitors, and Mr. McCannel, as president of the Central Assiniboia Association, made appropriate reference to the favorable circumstances under which they found themselves. Refreshments, including the most toothsome of edibles, were handed round by a strong relay of willing helpers, and a free and easy time was indulged in till the conclusion of the meeting.

On Friday evening the Immigration Buildings were again resorted to, when Principal Goggins, of Winnipeg Normal School discoursed on "Definite aims in education." A good number of those interested gathered to hear the address, and were not disappointed in their expectations of its being a good one. Mr. Goggins is a gentleman who possesses in a remarkable degree the essential qualifications of a first class teacher, and the clear and able manner in which he dealt with the subjects discussed by the teachers cannot fail to be of advantage to those who attended the convention.

Mr. D. S. McCannel again occupied the chair, and after a contribution by Mr. J. J. Young (of Regina) on the pianoforte, called upon Mr. Goggins.

Mr. Goggins, alluding to an illustration given by the chairman, said education was a moving object, for what was called education a few years ago, would not be called by that name at the present day. It was his intention to endeavor to present a certain number of topics which it seemed to him essential for the educator to know. As there were many present who had attended the afternoon meeting, what would be said should be a matter of professional interest, but he would also have something to say to those who were not teachers. To have definite aims there were five points with which a teacher must be familiar. Philosophy came first; he must know man's nature; the subject matter of instruction; the method of adjusting and adapting the subject matter; and he must also know the history of education. To these must be added such practical teaching under rational criticism and such period of probation, as would test the skill to teach and power to govern. In studying man's nature they were brought face to face with one of the most difficult problems, and the speaker quoted different opinions on the subject. Formation of character was the aim of education, and by formation of character, he did not mean the moral character, alone but the intellectual character and physical character. The idea that education was only concerned with the intellectual faculties was an erroneous one. The sights and sounds of the streets, books, papers, companions, etc., acted as educators and all these had either an upward or downward tendency, and it ought to be seen to that these influences were elevating and not debasing. Church and school were educators, and the church should see that a religious spirit pervaded the teaching of the schools. Turning to the physical nature, it was urged that there was need for the teaching of of calisthenics, as physical exercise was the best change from mental work, in order to turn out graceful men as well as skilful scholars. Mr. Goggins also favored the teaching of other exercises which in olden times, came under the heading of "manners," showing the pupil how to conduct himself in company, and although these were seemingly little matters, they assisted in polishing the rough jem, and turning him out into the world better equipped to move in society. Three classes of motives could be applied to a boy in order to get him to work, namely artificial, natural, and religious motives. Of the artificial motives the lowest of all was fear (the rod.) Prizes came next, then privileges—holidays, choice of seats, exemption from duty. Next came the natural motives—desire for standing or rank, etc., and then the religious motives. There was the desire for the approbation of equals or superiors, desire for activity and power, desire for knowledge, hope of future good, sense of honour, but the sense of duty was the motive which stood the highest in the list. It was illustrated by a reference to Nelson's words "England expects that every man this day will do his duty," and a vivid description of the "Charge of the light brigade." The parent or teachers who fails to put the highest motive before the child did him a grievous wrong. The speaker followed with the subsequent divisions of his address — the subject matter, the method of application, and the history of education. As there was such a great danger of touching the wrong spring of action unless great care was exercised, ought not everyone who was installed into the sacred office of teacher be a workman who needeth not be ashamed? Education would settle the question of what manner of man the future man would be, and the speaker had great faith in the future of this country with all its possibilities. As the children of the present were to be the citizens of the future, and the prosperity of the state depended on the intelligence of the citizens might he not appeal to them, not simply those who were teachers but all present, for such countenance and support as to enable the authorities to put in every school in the land a cultured, trained man or woman who knew their responsibilities and recognised their opportunities.

The Rev. J. Ferry, on behalf of the citizens, proposed a vote of thanks, which was seconded by Mr. Bulyea and carried with acclamation.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y., Nov. 2.—Charles Blisch, proprietor of the Eagle hotel in this city was shot and almost instantly killed shortly after two o'clock this afternoon by a man who says his name is H. Betts and lives in Brooklyn. Betts gave himself up. The shooting occurred in the hotel office. Betts entered hurriedly, and apparently laboring under great excitement. He walked up to Blisch, drew a revolver from his pocket and said angrily: "You have taken my wife from me, broken up my family, and robbed me of $100,000." He then fired two shots at Blisch, both of which took effect. Blisch fell to the floor mortally wounded and died in a few minutes. It appears that Blisch knew Betts in Brooklyn. As the story goes, more than a year ago Betts transferred $100,000 to his wife. He says that Blisch alienated his wife's affections, and she left him, taking with her his children. It is surmised that part of the $100,000 which Betts transferred to his wife was given to Blisch and was used in purchasing the Eagle Hotel. Blisch bought the hotel about ten months ago.

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TWO BRONCHO MARES; one dark iron grey with halter on, and one dark dapple grey with halter and twenty feet of rope. Anyone giving information of their whereabouts will be rewarded.
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A. C. PATERSON.
Qu'Appelle.

LOST.

ON Oct. the 7 h. from Qu'Appelle Station, a white Fox Terrier bitch, with black and tan marks about the head. Any person leaving her at the Progress Office will receive $5.00 reward.

LOST.

TWO yearling calves (one a strawberry roan and the other a red). Three dollars reward will be given to any one who will leave word at the Progress Office where the above calves are to be found.
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$25 REWARD.

ON THE 12TH OF APRIL, from section 24, r. 17 tp. 19, 2 grey mares, with brand GH. One is hobbled, and both have got halters on. Anyone hearing of them, and giving notice to
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